THE ILLINOIS FREE TRADER.

Our Country, her Commerce, and her Free Institutions.

VOLUME I. OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1840. NUMBER 31.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
GEORGE F. WEAVER & JOHN HISE,
Canal Street, nearly opposite the Mansion House.

TERMS:

Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance; Three dollars if not paid before the expiration of the first six months; And three dollars and twenty-five cents if delayed until the end of the year.

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

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OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle county; is situated at the junction of the Fox river with the Illinois, 290 miles, by water, from Saint Louis, and mid-way between Chicago and Peoria. The population of Ottawa is about one thousand.

THE EXILE AT REST.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

His falcion dashed along the Nile;—
His hosts he led through Alpine snows;—
O'er Moscow's towers, that shook the while,
His eagle flag unrolled,—and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone;—not one
Of all the kings whose crowns he gave,
Nor sire, nor brother, wife, nor son,
Hath ever seen or sought his grave.

Here sleeps he now, alone;—the star,
That led him on from crown to crown,
Hath sunk; the nations from afar
Gazed, as it faded and went down.

He sleeps alone; the mountain cloud
That night hangs round him, and the breath
Of morning scatters, is the shroud
That wraps his martial form in death.

High is his couch;—the ocean flood
Far, far below by storms is curled,
As round him heaved, while high he stood,
A stormy and inconstant world.

Hark! comes there from the Pyrmids,
Or from Siberia's wastes of snow,
And Europe's fields, a voice that bids
The world he awed to mourn him!—No;—

The only, the perpetual dirge,
That's heard here, is the sea-bird's cry,
The mournful murmur of the surge,
The cloud's deep voice, the wind's low sigh.

Mozart's Requiem.

The last labor of Mozart was a Requiem, one of the most celebrated of his compositions. Many fanciful tales have been written by the imaginative German's founded on this circumstance.—The following sketch is from the last number of the Muscial Magazine:

Mozart's Last Moments.

The composer threw himself back on his couch, faint and exhausted. His countenance was pale and emaciated, yet there was a strange fire in his eye, and the light of joy on his brow, that told of success. His task was finished, and the melody, even to his expuisite sensibility, was perfect. It had occupied him for weeks; and though his form was wasting by disease, yet the spirit seemed to acquire more vigor, and already claim kindred to immortality;—for oft, as the sound of his own composition stole on his own ear, it bore an unearthly sweetness, that was to him, too truly a warning of his future and fast comming doom. Now it was finished, and for the first time, for many weeks, he sank into a quiet and refreshing slumber.—The apartment in which he lay was large and well lighted by a window, in a small recess, that opened to the east: near it his couch was placed; a table for writing, at his feet;—and just before him, his favorite, inseperable piano.—The window was shaded by a curtain of crimson damask, and as the sun, (which had scarcely attained its meridian,) stole through it, there was a rich glow cast upon the object. One beam fell upon the head of the composer, and then passed, appearing to say, "Like this shall your day of life be; bright and glorious; but even so shall it vanish and pass away, though shining in noontide splendor." A slight noise in the apartment awoke him, when turning towards a fair young girl who entered, "Emiline, my daughter," said he, "come near me—my task is over—the requiem is finished. My requiem," he added, and a sigh escaped him, as present fame and future glory passed in vivid succession through his mind, and the idea, how soon he must leave it all, seemed, for a moment, too hard to endure. "Oh! say not so, my father," said the girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes; "You must be better—you look better, for even now, your cheek has a glow upon it; do let me bring you something refreshing, for you have had nothing this morning, and I am sure we will nurse you well again." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said he, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy, alone, can I hope for succor; and it will be granted, Emilie, in the time of my utmost need; yes, in the hour of death will I claim His help, who is always ready to aid those who trust in Him; and soon, very soon, must this mortal frame be laid in its quiet sleeping place, and this restless soul return to Him who gave it." The tender girl stood in pallid, though mute distress; not a sigh, not a tear escaped her. The idea of death broke so suddenly on her mind, that it checked every mode of utterance, and she gazed upon his countenance as in a dream.

Death, at any period of life, wears an awful aspect, but never more so than to the youthful heart, whose every step has been that of health and joy, and whose bounding pulse, yet swayed by hope, had never been chilled by sorrows, or distracted by the doubts and fears that hang over our earthly existence. Thus it was with Emilie; united by the tenderest sympathy to her father, and living, as it were, in a world of music, no wonder that she beheld death with terror, as the destroyer of her all—of happiness. The dying father raised himself on his couch—"You spoke of refreshment, my daughter; it can still be afforded to my fainting soul. Take these notes, the last that I shall ever pen, and sit down to the instrument. Sing with them the hymn so beloved by thy mother, and let me once more hear those tones which have been my delight, *my passion*, since my earliest remembrance." Emilie did as she was desired, and it seemed as if she sought relief from her own thoughts; for after running over a few chords of the piano, she commenced, in the sweetest voice, the following lines:—

"Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
The term of probation is run,
Thy steps are now bound for the untroden shore
And the race of immortals begun.

"Spirit! look not on the strife
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—
Pause not on the threshold of limitless life.
To mourn for the day that is set.

"Spirit! no fetters can bind,
No wicked have power to molest:
There the weary like thee, the wretched shall find,
A heaven, a mansion of rest.

"Spirit! how bright is the road
For which thou art on the wing!
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujahs to sing."

As she concluded the last stanzas, she dwelt, for a few moments, on the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then waited in silence for the mild voice of her father's praises. He spoke not—and, with something like surprise, she turned towards him.—He was laid back upon the sofa, his face shaded in part with his hand, and his form reposed, as in slumber. Starting with fear, Emilie sprang towards him and seized his hand; but the touch paralized her, she sunk sensciess by his side. He was gone!—With the sounds of the sweetest melody ever composed by human thought, his soul had winged its flight to regions of eternal bliss.

From the Literary Messenger.

The Yankee and the Duellist.

At a certain town on the Ohio, a Yankee and a Duellist happened, in the year 1803, to be boarders in the same tavern. The Yankee was a shrewd man, as yankees generally are, but nevertheless honest, good natured, peaceable, and withal fond of a joke: but even when joking he was accustomed to maintain a grave and even dry countenance, as if his face were made of wood. His age might be twenty-eight; he was by profession a schoolmaster, and his name was Jedediah Bateman.

I know not whence the duellist came. He seems to have been hanging for a number of years about the villages on the frontier, living by his wits as a card-player and land speculator. He was proud, overbearing and malicious; and had become doubly arrogant and assuming since he had been victorious in no less than three duels. Once he had crippled, and twice he had killed his man; making by these exploits two wives widows and five children fatherless. Such was his fame as a duellist, that it was thought to be little less than suicide, for any man not perfectly expert with the pistol to meet him in the field of honor, as this sort of murderers call the place where they shoot one another.

In dress and manners he was a fop and a swaggerer. His red bushy whiskers almost met on his chin; his shirt-ruffles were long and projecting; his cravat was stuffed with padding until it almost buried his chin; and his bell-crowned hat was tilted over his left eyebrow when he walked, or rather strutted, along the street, swinging and plunging down his cane at every step: and withersoever he went he overlooked every body, and expected the way to be cleared for him by high and low. He considered himself justified in lording it over all who were about him, because he was the most formidable man in the town.

If any peaceful worthy man did not cower at his presence, he was sure to resent the supposed indignity by sneers and insults. Many were the pompous gibes and bombastic witticisms that he discharged from day to day at the schoolmaster Jedediah Bateman, who did not humble himself like a dog before the high and mighty Major Alonzo Dashwell Bickerton, as the duellist styled himself. He professed to have borne a major's commission in the western army, and often boasted of his exploits in Gen. Wayne's expedition against the Indians. Some people doubted in their hearts whether he had been in that expedition at all, because he gave some erroneous accounts of marches and battles: but they doubted only in their hearts, for who would dare insinuate the suspicion of falsehood to the major's terrible self? The major's tongue might err, but his pistol was nevertheless true. Who would have expected that our dry-faced yankee schoolmaster would, first of all, have the hardihood to retort the sneers and insults of this hero of the pistol? He bore several of these attacks with the utmost apparent indifference.—Not a muscle of his face changed its habitual fixedness, not a drop more or less blood colored his cheek: neither word nor look indicated the slightest feeling of the bully's satire. This insensibility of Jedediah provoked the major sorely. He charged the artillery of his wit with still heavier loads of turgid phrases, to express his contempt for the schoolmaster. Still the yankee winced not; he only began with the soberest and most unfeeling gravity to utter some repartees, as dry and grating as the sands of Arabia, yet so perfectly free from open insult, as to incense the duellist's pride without furnishing him a decent pretext to take offence. But the natural malignity of his temper was so embittered by the schoolmaster's mortifying indifference and icy wit, that he began to abuse and insult him outrageously on all occasions, with the obvious intention of provoking a deadly quarrel with him! Still the yankee maintained his imperturbable coolness, and replied only by jokes and sarcasm of more stony and indigestible hardness. The bully's rage became unbounded, and the yankee's friends saw clearly that the affair would come to personal violence. But their kind endeavors were vain to persuade Jedediah to soothe the bully's rage. "If you mortify his pride any further," said they, "he will assault you, and you will have to let him beat you with his cane or shoot you with his pistol."

"I shall let him do neither, I guess," said the yankee.

"How will you prevent him?"

"You will see when the time comes," was the final reply.

The same evening at supper, the duellist, as usual, began to utter something designed to provoke the yankee. At first Jedediah gave no heed. To make the attack more direct, the bully proceeded, as he had often done, and as fops and addlepates often do, to express *his* contempt of schoolmasters, or *pedagogues*, as he and other fops used to call them. Seeing that Jedediah still paid no attention, he addressed him superciliously in these words. "Come, sir pedagogue, you are silent: be so condescending as to illustrate your profession by informing us how many ideas you have bastinaded into the posteriors of your boys to-day." "Not one, sir," said Jedediah—"the boys do not now carry their ideas in their posteriors, however, they may have done in your boyish days." "The deuce you say, Mr. Pedagogue: well then, give us a philosophical reason why you apply your birchen instrument with such impetuosity to that inferior part of their corporeal system? Come, your philosophical reason, Mr. Pedagogue." "You shall be satisfied, sir. I apply the birch to that part, because it is the base of the system; all the baser elements settle down into it, such as sloth, pride, malice, insolence, illmanners, and whatever else may tend to make a man proud without virtue, boastful without merit, pompous without dignity and quarrelsome without reason.—Therefore I apply the remedy to the base, in order to expel such baseness from its seat in the system."

The bully was so foiled by this answer, that for some moments he showed his rage only by his fierce looks. Then, setting his arms akimbo, he said, "You are a cowardly pedagogue to attack boys in that contemptible way. I never knew a pedagogue who was not a tyrant among children and a —— infernal coward among men." He interlaied this speech with one of the oaths commonly used by bullies and blackguards: adding those words: "I had a pedagogue in my battallion during the campaign of '96 against the Indians, and the —— rascal ran away in every battle, till I had him drummed out of the army, the —— poltroon."

"You said the campaign of '96: are you not mistaken in the date?" asked Bateman, with good gravity.

"Yes, sir pedagogue; I said the campaign of '96 under Wayne. I mistake no dates, sir; and if I did, your pedagogical pusillanimity disqualifies you for the function of historical correction."

"Wayne's expedition against the Indians was over, and peace was made before '96," said Bateman dryly, as he sat nearly opposite to Bickerton, stirring a copious mixture of butter, molasses and mush, or hasty pudding, which were to be his supper.

"You are a —— liar, you —— pedagogue," roared out the bully; "what the —— do you know of Wayne's campaigns? talk about your ferule and your spellingbook, and leave military affairs to gentlemen; they are exterior to your province, sir pedagogue."

"Boys learn history in these days," said Bateman, as he rose from the table, and took down a volume from the mantelpiece. After turning over a few leaves, he resumed his seat, and said, "Here is an epitome of American history brought down to the year 1801." He then read a short paragraph which confirmed his assertion: then holding the book towards Bickerton, he said dryly, "that is what my boys learn, sir. Would you like to see it in the book, major?"

"No, you are a —— fool and an insolent liar, I tell you."

"One mark of a fool," said Bateman, as dryly as ever, "is to fly into a passion and call names about a trifle; and one mark of a liar is, to persevere in a false assertion in the face of evidence to the contrary."

The yankee had no sooner spoken these words, stirring his mush all the while, than the enraged bully lifted the case knife in his hand and flung it violently at Bateman's head. The yankee, though seemingly intent upon his mush, which he had now thoroughly imbued with the molasses and butter, kept watch however with a corner of his eye and dodged the knife as it flew whizzing towards his head. At the same time, dropping the spoon, he slipped his palm under the plate and adroitly dashed it, mush foremost, plump into the duellist's face. The centre of the recking mass struck the nose, which operating as a wedge, caused the clammy supper of the yankee to spread itself with accommodating facility over the whole fiery visage of the duellist, and to stop up every hole and fill up every hollow in the said visage—the eyes and ears not excepted. A considerable quantity too became entangled in the huge bushy whiskers; the superfluity gliding down with the plate made a lodgment in the bosom and manifold convolutions of the frill that stuck out prominently in front. Happily for the duellist, the operation of mixing and compounding the plaster had so reduced its temperature that it was not quite scalding hot, and the eyelids had instinctively closed themselves on the approach of the slap-dashing application, or those lately glaring eye-balls would never again have directed a pistol-ball at the heart of an adversary.

He was led by the hand into the back porch, where, after fifteen minutes' washing, the orifices and cavities of his face were cleared of the adhesive mixture, and he was able again to see, hear, smell and speak.

When he found his organs free, though his nose still wept blood from the rude contact of the heavy pewter plate, he began to roar out a torrent of oaths, imprecations and threats against the yankee, who had begun to feed his hunger upon a second plate of hasty pudding, as if nothing had happened. In spite of the entreaties of the company, the raving bully started up stairs for his pistols, swearing in the most awful manner that he would shoot the offending pedagogue upon the spot.

Presently he was heard on his return, cursing and swearing as violently as ever. "Fly, Bateman, fly," said the company, "he will shoot you." "I guess not," said the yankee, "but I may have to mend his manners with something harder than hasty pudding." So saying he picked up a heavy fire shovel at the hearth, and posted himself behind the door by which Bickerton would enter.

While some were endeavoring to dissuade the furious bully from his purpose, the yankee said to those in the room with him: "Tell him to challenge me; I will meet him in the field of honor." When this message was first delivered to the duellist, he only raved and swore the more fiercely, and demanded immediate access to the insolent pedagogue that he might drive a ball through his heart. He was gradually reduced to reason, however, by the argument of a lawyer in the party, who told him that if he killed the yankee now, he would be liable to punishment as a murderer, but that he might shoot him on the field of honor without getting himself into the fangs of the law. The duellist felt the force of the argument: for in those days even an honorable gentleman in a fine coat and a ruffled shirt, was in some danger of being hanged for wilful murder. Now—only the friendless and beggarly murderers are liable to the gallows. But then, as now, the murderer in a duel had nothing to fear from the law, but might be raised to the highest honors by popular favor. Therefore, Bickerton, being somewhat cooled by this argument, and believing that he could satiate his malice as certainly in a duel as by instant assassination, returned to his room and penned a challenge in due form, according to the code of honor. Bateman promptly accepted it, to the dismay of his friends, who now looked upon him as no better than a dead man. He had the right, as the challenged party, to prescribe the terms of the fight. They were to meet on the next day at the great Indian mound, about half a mile from the town, in a dense forest: they were to have no seconds, but were to stand ten yards apart, and either of them might fire at pleasure, after calling out to the other "stop,—take care of yourself!" Their friends might stand fifty yards off, to see that these terms were duly observed; but were not to interfere unless they were violated. Nearly every man wished the yankee success, but expected only to see him killed at the first fire.

The duellist demurred at first to the extraordinary terms prescribed by the schoolmaster; but he finally acceded to them, feeling sure of his own quickness of hand, and doubted not that he could pierce the heart whose blood he so eagerly thirsted for.

So, on the next day at the appointed hour, the redoubtable *major* strutted forth to the field of honor, with a well charged brace of pistols wrapped up in a handkerchief and stuck under his left arm. When in sight of the mound, he cast his eyes about in search of his adversary; but no yankee appeared. He moved slowly onwards, keeping a sharp look out for his man, and licking his lips in preparation for the expected feast of blood. The forest was always dusky with shade in that place, and the morning fog still lingered in its damp recesses. When he came so near the mound as to see it and the trees about it distinctly, he was certain that the schoolmaster had not arrived, and began with feelings of disappointed revenge to curse him aloud for a cowardly knave, a base poltroon and a chicken-hearted white-livered pedagogue.

He was pouring forth these imprecations, and lengthening them out with all the choicest terms in the vocabulary of honorable bullies, when he was stopped in mid career by an unexpected phenomenon. On reaching a little open plot near the mound, he struck his foot against a long pole that had been laid across the path; and at the same instant a voice of thunder smote his ears with the words, "Stop! take care of yourself!" He did stop in great surprise, and looked towards the place from which the voice had come, but he saw only the huge trunk of a tree that stood by the mound, ten yards from the pole at which he stopped. He had no time for deliberation: the voice thundered again, "Take care of yourself; I'll blow your brains out;" and now he saw distinctly the muzzel of a great blunderbuss pointed towards him from behind the tree, and the yankee's eye at the butt, taking aim, while the tree concealed his body. The duellist was taken so off his guard, that he stood confounded for an instant: but as the expected shot did not come, he began to fumble under his arm for his pistols: but he no sooner began to unwrap them, than the yankee called out, in the most decided tone, "Drop your pistols or I'll shoot you." The bully hesitated. "Drop 'em, I tell you, or I'll blow nine buckshot into you, as soon as I count three: mind now—one!—two!—thr—." He had cocked his musket and taken what the duellist saw was sure aim. Before the word three was fully pronounced, the handkerchief containing the pistols fell to the ground, whether by accident, by a paralysis of the duellist's nerves, or by an act of his will, we shall not undertake to say: however, the pistols fell.

"Now," said the yankee, stepping out from behind the tree, with his finger still on the trigger, but the wide muzzel of his firelock elevated at the angle of thirty degrees,—"you have but one way to save your life. Right about face!" The duellist began to remonstrate. "Face about I tell you, or I'll drive a load of buckshot through you;" and he began to level his musket as he advanced upon his adversary. The duellist faced about like a soldier. "Very well: forward march!—March, I tell you—straight to home; or tarnation seize me if I don't riddle you with buckshot before I count three.—One!—two!—" The duellist did not wait for the next word; the angry voice was close behind him, and the deep-mouthed blunderbus within two yards of his back. He began to march with slow and rather halting steps, very different from his usual strut. The yankee followed with all gravity. The company in the neighboring woods fell into the rear, tittering at the strange result of the duel. The line of march was pursued without intermission: for whenever the duellist attempted to halt or speak, the angry voice of the yankee drove him on with the threat of buckshot.

When they entered the town, Bateman began with solemn face and voice to sing—

"Yankee doodle came to town,
To buy a keg of brandy;"

"Mind your steps there, or I'll blow your brains out."

"Yankee doodle doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy."

Now it happened to be muster day for a battalion of militia, and the streets were filling up with people of all sorts from the country. When the crowd saw the terrible duellist with thunder and lightning in his face, walking along before the dry visaged schoolmaster, and the schoolmaster with a large musket solemnly chanting yankee doodle, and marching coolly as if he drove an ox-cart, they gathered themselves about them with wonder and curiosity, to see what these things meant. When the bully reached the tavern door, hundreds had assembled. Mounting the platform before the door, he turned to address his indignant remanstrance to the multitude. Before he could utter a word the yankee called out, "Halt! Face to the left, and tell the people what a yankee trick I have played you."

"Yes," roared out Bickerton, glad to vent his raging indignation—"a derogatory, dishonorable, ungentlemanly advantage! Fellow citizens, I appeal to you and to the laws of honor. This disreputable pedagogue had the audacious temerity and intolerable insolence, last night, to discharge into my face—yes, mine, fellow citizens, the foul and slimy ingredients of his supper:—for which I would have punished him instanter, but for the intercession of the company. But to vindicate my outraged honor, I condescended to demand of him the satisfaction of a gentleman, and he with most knavish design accepted my cartel.

"This morning at the appointed hour I repaired to the field of honor, equipped as gentlemen usually are for honorable combat. When I arrived at the place, the dastardly paltroon was invisibly concealed behind a giant son of the forest, armed with a musket enormously charged with nine buckshot; and before we had measured the ground or taken our positions, or the skulking dastard even showed his person, he presented his musket and threatened to shoot me, if I did not drop my pistols and return to town. In attempting to unwrap my pistols they slipped out of my hands, and thus I was exposed unarmed to the dastardly attack of this pedagogical poltroon with his dishonorable musket charged with an enormous quantity of buckshot. I turned indignantly from this contemptible attempt at assassinaton and returned home, that I might on a subsequent occasion vindicate my outraged honor, and in public and ostensible conflict, inflict a lascerating flagellation upon the pedagogical author of this outrageous violation of the code of honor, heretofore inviolably observed by all who are entitled to the honorable appellation of gentlemen.

When the duellist had concluded his speech, Jedediah soberly replied in these words: "Fellow citizens, I long bore with patience the unprovoked derision and insults of this professed duellist. Last night he assailed me at the supper table with the most wanton abuse, which I parried with nothing but jests, until he threw a case knife at my head; I then returned the compliment by dashing my plate full of molasses and hasty pudding into his face. For this he challenged me to fight a duel. I accepted the challenge on these conditions, and no other, that we were to stand ten yards, apart, without seconds, and either of us might fire at plasure after calling out, 'Stop!—take care of yourself.' Nothing was said about the sort of arms: